

Dead End

by Sakura Momo



Chapter 1 - Mystery

-Mystery-

It's the beginning of Golden Week. Sunset has gotten late and there were now fewer students on campus in the evening.

In order to head home, I ended up walking a different route from most of the other students to get to the train station. Of course, I'm still taking the train, but I don't take the 'Tounan College' station at the main gate to the school, but rather the one after it called the 'Yamanaka Shrine' station.

Tounan college is located on top of a hill in the middle of a large plot of land. Little by little each department built its own building as the school expanded. My department, the economics department, is on the Southern edge of the school and if I start from there then the 'Yamanaka Shrine' station is closer.

However, the path to it is steep and overgrown with weeds. And while there is the Yamanaka Shrine, hardly anyone visits it.

It's not like I use this path everyday either. However, since I have an interest in mountain climbing and enjoy immersing myself in time alone I chose this road.

It feels like I'm on an animal path as I climb the narrow road and the shrine comes into view on my left. Half of the color on the torii has faded away and every time I see it I can't help but think it looks pitiful. Just then I see something white move just at the edge of my field of vision.

Is it a bird--? A cat--?

The white creature is quickly hidden by the undergrowth so that I can no longer see it. However, I'm overcome with childlike curiosity and soon find myself treading on the grounds of the shrine to find it.

Quietly. I hide myself and try to be silent so that I won't frighten off whatever moved as I get closer.

However, when I finally get to where I can peek out what meets my eyes isn't an animal.

They're having sex--!

In an instant I can tell it's two people with one person squirming on top of the other. I've seen something I shouldn't have...

But in the next instant I realize the situation is actually completely different. The young man who is being pinned down and is shaking has duct tape over his mouth and his hands are tied behind him. I can only see the back of the man on top of him, but his polo shirt is dark with sweat as he frantically peels the boy's white shirt off.

This might be sex, but it's also rape-- and on top of that they're both men!

Now that I think about it, this would be the perfect spot for lovers to meet even though there's no bench or shading trees. Although it feels like a snake could come out from the rotting shrine or any of the overgrown weeds in this wilderness.

I don't know why he came here but the slender, weak-looking boy is in this pervert's hands and now the man's started to pull down the zipper to his pants.

"Uh... uh..."

The boy's voice emerges from beneath the duct tape, but his resistance only seems to get the other man more excited.

"Stop it!"

Unthinkingly I called out and took a step towards them.

At that same moment, the perverted man's movements and the young man's struggling stopped completely. And then, as if he snapped, the perverted man's bloodshot eyes turn towards me in obvious shock. He's younger than I expected. In fact, he looks about the same age as me and could even be a student at Tounan University.

The perverted man is obviously confused but he lets out a growl in a low voice.

"What's that? Who're you?"

I wonder if the perverted man is acting so overbearing and threatening to keep me, the sudden visitor, from seeing what he is doing.

"That's what I should be asking. What are you doing?!"

"That's got nothing to do with you. If you don't want to experience something painful then hurry up and leave."

"I don't think so. Only a brute of a man would be able to walk away after seeing something like this and pretend like nothing happened. You should stop. Doing something like this when you're so young would only be a big disgrace when you're caught."

No matter that they're men, rape is always worse than simply having sex outside.

"Shut up! Meddling bastard! If you won't leave, then I'm just gonna have to force you into being obedient."

The perverted man releases the boy and starts to move closer to me, pointing straight at me.

What should I do? What if he's strong?

I have confidence in my physical strength, but it's not like I'm particularly good at fighting... But I know I can't retreat from here. I have already decided what I need to do so I mimic the pervert's posture, taking a stance pointing at him.

I don't know how many punches that guy manages to hit me with, but I manage to deliver more than he does and unexpectedly the perverted man easily loses consciousness.

What a pathetic man. Before thinking about challenging someone else he should have considered his own abilities more.

While I was letting out those heart-felt curses at that pervert I gave him one last glance before rushing over to the boy.

I could see he had lifted the upper half of his body and was staring at me intently. However, when I start moving closer to him he quickly averts his face. With his hands still tied behind his back and the duct tape still across his mouth preventing him from fixing his clothes he truly looks pitiful.

I move behind him and see that it's a straw rope binding his hands. It seems like he's struggled violently against it. The rope has bit into his wrists and there is blood oozing out of the wounds.

But to think that guy used straw rope and duct tape-- that perverted bastard! This was a deliberate attack that he had prepared for.

When I remove the straw rope the boy immediately buttons up his shirt and fixes his pants. The entire time he keeps his head down in shame.

I suppose that's to be expected. Even though he looks like he's only a high school student, having another person seeing you being accosted by another man would still be shameful.

"Are you all right? Can you remove the duct tape?"

I try to be as gentle as possible. No matter how embarrassing this is for him, though, I can't leave him like this.

The boy nods his head and peels the duct tape off on his own. And now I'm finally able to see him completely from directly in front of him.

His white skin is marked with red from where the duct tape was. But his thin lips are even redder. His black eyes look innocent and his jaw and neck are delicate-looking. It looks like he still hasn't finished growing. He smells too nice for a man and is very pretty.

He's the type that perverts are attracted to—



"Um... Thank you very much. You saved me."

The boy's lips move only slightly as he speaks.

"No, I just happened to be here at the right time."

My reply is flustered since I'm thinking thoughts I shouldn't be thinking.

"I'm a student at Tounan University over there. Are you from a nearby high school? I can take you home, if you tell me where you live?"

His face becomes a little sulky when I say that.

"I'm also a Tounan University student, I just started this semester. I know I don't look like a university student so it can't be helped if I'm mistaken for a high school student, but... I'm enrolled as a freshman in the economics department. What about you, sempai?"

Eh?! My eyes open wide. Here I was thinking that he was younger than me...

"The truth is... I'm also a freshman in the economics department."

"Eeh?!"

His eyes grow even bigger as the two of us stare at each other.

And at the same moment we both burst out into laughter.

That was my, Kiba Kyoutarou's, first meeting with Yajima Yuuki.

In September, after exams had ended the mountaineering club that Yuuki and I had just joined held a drinking party and we were two of five freshman there. Although I can't say it was unpleasant, we were forced to drink a lot.

"Aah, I'm drunk! I don't need any more alcohol every again~!" I shout as Yuuki and I make our way home together.

"You say that now, but tomorrow you're going to be drinking some more again, aren't you?"

I laugh with Yuuki and droop against his shoulder.

"You're heavy."

Even though Yuuki goes through the motion of brushing me off, in reality he doesn't push me off at all. Which is good, since I continue leaning against him as we walk.

"But Yuuki, you've also gotten really resistant to alcohol. When we first entered the club you couldn't drink at all... But today you drank quite a bit, right?"

"Yeah. But I still can't compare to you, Kyou. I turn red right away, and I worry that if I drink too much I'll end up with alcohol poisoning. I think I worry our sempai too."

"Aah, that's true too. They didn't force you too much... They all love you, don't they?"

Yuuki's expression becomes clouded.

He unconsciously encourages the desire to protect in others. Whether they're a man or a woman, they end

up wanting to take care of him. The desire to shelter him is very strong. That's something that Yuuki recognizes in himself and is ashamed of. That's why he makes a sour face when you point it out to him. Even though no one's trying to make him feel bad in doing it...

Even though I already know this, I brought the subject up without thinking. I really have drunk too much.

"Sorry. But that's one of your advantages! It's part of your personality. Even if you want to change it, it's a part of you that can't be changed. You shouldn't worry about it so much."

Those are words that are terrible at either comforting or praising him. Rather than saying anything more I raise my hand to pat Yuuki's head.

"I want to change it."

Yuuki sighs as he murmurs those words.

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The two of us finally arrive at my apartment. It is closer to where we were drinking than Yuuki's house.

"Yeah, I know. You don't have to tell me that. See you later."

Yuuki quickly ends the phone call.

"Was that your mom? Were you scolded for drinking too much?"

"No, that's not it. I was told to apologize to you for always being such a burden like this. You should come visit my house some time too."

"Aah, thank you."

I can't help but think that Yuuki has the face of a gentle young lady.

It seems that Yuuki's been living with just his mother for a while now. Since he was little, his father has been working at a foreign trade company and spends most of his time overseas. Ever since we became close I've spent the night at his house countless times but I still haven't met his father.

--No one could say that Yuuki and I getting close happened by chance.

On that day, taking Yuuki home when he was covered with mud like that would only have worried his mother so I brought him back to my apartment instead. I lent him a shirt to replace the one he'd been

wearing which had lost some of its buttons and also let him use my shower. That's when he explained his situation to me.

The perverted man who attacked Yuuki was an upperclassman from his high school, but he wasn't someone that Yuuki knew particularly well. He had simply used the fact that they had graduated from the same high school as an excuse to ask Yuuki to meet him.

Yuuki told me that while that situation was painful for him, a part of him had already given up. I got the feeling that wasn't the first time something of that nature had happened to him, although I did get the impression that was the most violent...

He's been courted by men in the past. He's been the object of their lust. This situation that's been forced on him is one that he doesn't want. That's why Yuuki is ashamed of himself. And that jealous love and lust has caused other people to hate him too.

When I saw that shameful scene I wonder if it was my defiant nature that caused me not to hide. And I wonder if Yuuki saw in me, when I knocked that bastard down, the strong man that he wants to become. From that moment on we became very close very quickly.

Even though we're in the same department we have completely different classes, but even though we don't see each other in lecture we still somehow find the time to go see movies about economics together. And when I learned about the mountaineering club I went ahead and signed him up for it too. I even managed to get him to participate in a mixer with me.

To have someone want to be with you is happiness. That's the way I feel with Yuuki, and even if he wasn't a pretty boy we still would have become friends as we have. It isn't his appearance that attracted me, it's the fact that he's straight-forward and honest with people. When you're with someone you love, you'll definitely feel good whether they're a guy or a girl--

Since I'm drunk my head is fuzzy and my thoughts just keep running around in circles like that until the sound of a phone ringing snaps me back to my senses.

"Hello, this is Kiba."

The sweet voice that came through my phone was that of my girlfriend, Mita Eiko.

"Eh? Is that so?"

She starts talking about all the things that are currently going on with her, along with the usual gossip and what music she's currently into. Meanwhile, I make the appropriate noises to let her know that I'm listening to her. In the meantime, Yuuki makes the two of us coffee.

"Thank you."

When she hears what I said to Yuuki, Eiko asks who I'm talking to.

"Yuuki, you've met him before, is over at my place right now."

I answer her. Yuuki was at the mixer where I first met Eiko. I introduced him to her as being my "best friend" so she knows about our relationship.

"Yeah, it's fine."

I hadn't intended to be paying more attention to Yuuki than I was to Eiko, but all of a sudden she hung up on me completely out of the blue.

"Eiko-chan? Did I say something wrong?"

"Not at all."

"But if I wasn't around, you'd have asked Eiko-chan to come over, ri~ght?"

Although Yuuki's always been shy, lately he's been putting more inflections into his words.

"Stupid. Don't tell me you think I'm horny, just because I'm drunk."

"You're the one who looks excited, Kyou."

"What, am I some sort of perverted demon or something?!"

Playing along with Yuuki's joking, I grab him and grind my fist against his head.

"Besides, there's a rule against inviting a girl to your house for something like that. You would use a hotel at a time like this."

"What hotel?"

"For example..."

Even though I was going to say it, I see Yuuki in my arms staring at me with intense curiosity and he seems to sparkle as I look at him.

"You know, you only seem to be interested in getting me to talk."

Yuuki swallows hard and his posture changes in response.

"Come on, why don't you say what you think it is first, then I'll say it."

Yuuki's Adam's apple moves against the palm of my hand. I feel like if I put even a little bit of pressure on it I could strangle that slender white neck. The color is so different from the color of my hand. We're in the same mountaineering club and we both do the beginner's training outdoors and yet even though it's the middle of summer Yuuki still doesn't tan when he's in the sun. Even if he does get burned, he just goes back to being white again in the end.

To think there are guys who don't change--

"Hmph. I certainly don't know."

It might be his pitiful expression that makes me think this, but Yuuki shakes me off as if he is angry with me.

"Hey, did I say something? You seem angry all of a sudden..."

"It's nothing."

"It's definitely something."

"...It's just, I've never actually been to a hotel before."

I barely hear Yuuki's whispered words.

"Eh?!"

"....."

"--Yuuki, could it be that you're a virgin?"

As Yuuki suddenly stands up, I'm trapped where I am by his legs.

"Wait, are you serious?!"

How could this be? Yuuki's so popular. Given his situation, there's no reason he shouldn't have had a girl by now. After all, at the mixer where I met Eiko she had a friend named Horikawa Ikumi who was also

there. And she seemed to get along really well with Yuuki. Not to mention the fact that there are plenty of girls in our class who would be interested.

Yuuki says nothing in response and refuses to look at me.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound like I was making fun of you. I just couldn't have imagined that someone as charming as you are could still be a virgin."

"...Really...?"

Yuuki finally calms down with that. His legs begin to shake as the tenseness leaves them and he slowly turns around to face me.

I also rearrange my position so that I can sit facing him.

"Yuuki... you didn't do it with Ikumi-chan?"

I timidly ask my question.

"Yeah."

"Did you... not like her?"

"That's not it. I just never invited her to do it."

That's what I thought. Surely if Yuuki were to invite a girl for that reason she would be giddy with excitement and come running.

"Why not? Could it be that you weren't really attracted to Ikumi-chan that way? Or could it be... you don't want to do that sort of thing before you get married? Or for religious reasons?"

"That's not it. I'm not a girl!"

As Yuuki spoke his voice became rough. And when he continues speaking his cheeks turn red.

"I thought Ikumi was cute and I was interested in having sex with her. It had nothing to do with marriage or religion, I really do want to try it. That's natural for a guy, isn't it?"

I nod in agreement.

"The problem was-- the fact she thought I was cute."

"Huh?"

"For me, being slender and pale isn't good enough. I don't resemble the name 'Yuuki' which my father gave me at all. The things I hate about myself are the things Ikumi told me she liked about me. And it's not just Ikumi, other girls say the same things... and guys too..."

This way it's like an illness. Although I've been aware of Yuuki's complex about his appearance, I didn't think it was this bad. I thought he was relatively unaffected by it, but instead it's quite intense.

Being drunk, I run away with that thought.

"Yuuki... I think I've said this before, but that's just part of who you are. You're cute and pretty. That's not something that you can change, and it's something that other people can't help being jealous of because they want it too. But even so, just because someone is as pretty as you doesn't mean people would gather around them if their personality was terrible. Not everybody's just after your body, right?"

Yuuki suddenly tenses up. I wonder if he remembered something painful. Perhaps a time when someone was after just his body--

"You think too much. If you like Ikumi-chan and are willing to think of her as a girlfriend, why not try sleeping with her once? Maybe something will change as a result?"

"I guess so."

Yuuki murmurs uneasily.

"Definitely. Girls are nice. They're soft and warm and feel good. Aah, at times like that I really feel glad that I was born a guy."

"I guess so."

The words are the same, but this time his voice is considerably brighter.

"Yeah, yeah! That's what I thought my first time. It felt like the whole world had changed, like it had suddenly gotten bigger."

Yuuki's curiosity is back and he leans forward onto my knee.

I let myself feel a little pride under his gaze.

"Well then, today I'll tell you all about my first time. I'll even teach you some of my techniques."

"Yeah!"

Yuuki's whole face breaks out into a smile as he nods eagerly.

He's like a child with his emotions showing plain on his face. Just like the first time I met him, when I thought he was much younger than me. Even if we're the same age, in a lot of ways he's still a kid.

I feel like an older brother teaching his younger brother about life. I feel like I'm his guardian.

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"English is the official language on the Southern Island, you know? But the laborers still use the indigenous language so their English is rather broken and difficult to understand. That's why, when they presented me with drinking water we had to use hand gestures and movements to try to understand each other..."

"So, father, did you drink it?"

Yuuki's body leans forward as Mr. Yajima speaks.

"Aah. In an undeveloped land like that who knows what's in the water. I hesitated a bit, however I knew I needed to make a gesture of good faith. Besides, I had a secret motive of establishing them as a trading partner for the company which requires a deep level of mutual trust."

"Was it all right?"

Hearing Yuuki's concern, Mr. Yajima lets out a small laugh.

"Because I'm built strong I was fine. If it were you, Yuuki, you'd get horribly sick and probably wouldn't be able to move for a while."

"That's how I was as a child! Now I'm in the mountaineering club and I've even climbed a mountain! Right, Kyou?"

I hadn't wanted to intrude on their conversation so I've just been smiling and nodding the whole time while being bored to death. However, when Yuuki mentioned mountains I paid attention. Although I

have to admit that the mountain Yuuki had climbed was really more of a plateau.

Mr. Yajima probably figured that out as well. He seems genuinely happy as he relaxes and pats Yuuki on the head. Yuuki pouts at the childish treatment, but doesn't notice that his pouting is also childish. That's one of his cute points.

Before I could say anything, Mr. Yajima starts talking again.

"Also, to make sure I avoided catching any diseases I made sure the trade went smoothly and quickly. When the laborers learned that I was returning home the next day they took me to a bar. There were about 4 or 5 of them and we happily chatted while drinking."

"After drinking quite a lot they took me to a suspicious-looking cellar. There was lime set in around the edges and the room felt like being in a cave. As expected, it felt really uncomfortable being in there."

As if he is picturing the same thing as his father, Yuuki shivers.

"There was a weird stink in the place, and there was one old man already there. He was mashing something up in a bowl. When I looked closely there were lots of things that looked like medicine bottles around him. It looked like the sort of place the witch would brew the poisoned apple. It would have looked like a mad scientist's lab, except that it was too primitive."

"So what was he making?"

Yuuki's voice becomes excited as he asks his father.

"I'm not really sure."

Mr. Yajima shrugs and spreads his hands in response.

"Eehh--?!"

It's obvious Yuuki is dissatisfied with the response, even if he won't say so directly.

"I told you, I didn't really have the language to understand what they were saying. I tried using what little I knew of the indigenous language along with hand gestures. The rest I had to come up with using my imagination--but he was probably making the types of medicine that were common in that area, since their medical treatment isn't up to the rest of the world. I think the vegetables and animal intestines that he was boiling were intended to be made into some sort of medicine to cure illnesses. And suddenly it got even weirder when it looked like he started making some sort of poison or aphrodisiac."

"Hmmm? So there's really still people like that even in this day and age?"

"Yeah. There are lots of people who have been left behind by civilization and are living in what feels like hundreds of years in the past."

Mr. Yajima reaches that point in his story when the phone rings and Yuuki gets up from his seat to answer it.

My glass was almost empty, so I go ahead and fill Mr. Yajima's glass with water and bourbon and then fix a glass for myself as well.

Mr. Yajima gives his thanks in a soft voice and our eyes meet briefly as he takes his glass and offers me a half-smile. With this gesture he looks more relaxed and doesn't look very Japanese.

From his outward appearance, Mr. Yajima Daiki is a good-looking man with a majestic air about him. He's tall with dark eyes, and although I can't see his physique well with his clothes on I can guess that he's probably very muscular. And with his stern black mustache he looks less like a docile Japanese person and more like a ferocious predator.

His looks are in complete contrast to Yuuki. He even smells like a man.

Yesterday-- Yuuki happily said,

"Since yesterday, father's been home. Normally he's only home once every two months and only stays for a day but this time he says that he can stay for a while. Maybe even half a year! Tomorrow, if you don't have anything planned, would you come stay at my house to meet him?"

It's October. The fall nights are long and I figured it would be fun to spend the night drinking with Yuuki and his father so I agreed to visit the Yajima house.

When I first met Mr. Yajima I found that he was everything Yuuki had told me and more. A truly impressive person.

I feel like I finally understand Yuuki's desperate need to be more manly. He's so close to someone with his ideal masculine physique. I wonder if that's why he uses vulgar words and masculine phrases, to hide his weakness and make himself feel more masculine.

We had a delicious meal that Yuuki's mother made and then we moved to the living room where Yuuki

insisted that his father tell us of his experiences.

Just then, Yuuki finishes his phone call and returns to the room.

"Father, mother locked her keys in the car when she was going to head home and is really upset."

"How foolish."

Mr. Yajima laughs lightly.

After making us dinner, it seemed that Yuuki's mother had something to take care of at her parents' home and she had left over an hour ago.

"I'm going to go take her the spare key."

"I'll go."

"No, father. You've been drinking. I haven't had anything to drink yet today so I'll go."

Yuuki turns to look at me.

"Kyou, it will take about two hours. Is that okay? There's still a lot of time left tonight so would you mind accompanying my father for me?"

"I don't mind..."

Mr. Yajima smiles broadly. Mr. Yajima seems comfortable, and I don't feel uncomfortable talking with him so the two hours should pass quickly.

"All right then. Be careful, Yuuki. And don't drive too quickly."

"Yeah."

"Then I'll see you to the door."

Yuuki and I leave Mr. Yajima and exit the room.

At the same time, Mr. Yajima watches us leave the living room while swirling the contents of his glass.

Although I hadn't noticed since we were chatting the whole time, outside the autumn bugs had started shaking the wings creating a resonating noise.

It feels in my chest that I have floated across the ocean. Even the color of the atmosphere feels like it's changed as I head back inside.

"I hear that Yuuki's been causing you trouble."

Mr. Yajima's soft voice reaches me.

"He isn't any trouble at all. We get along really well."

"I heard about the way the two of you first met."

"Eh?!"

"Or rather, I should say that I made him tell me. Leading questions are quite useful."

He chuckles deep in his throat.

"I see. It's really frustrating for him. To be attacked by a man-- He wants to become a strong man like you, and his complex is his primary motivation. It also seems to have resulted in him distrusting other people."

"Yes. Is that why you suggested he have sex with a girl?"

"He told you about that too?!"

I never imagined someone else would hear my...

"He didn't tell me about your first time. Just about the sex techniques you taught him."

I feel like he has seen into my heart with that response, but then he winks with one eye as if he's just teasing me.

I am so embarrassed that I immediately turn red. In order to avoid his gaze I immediately swallow the rest of my watered-down alcohol with a single gulp.

Even I have to admit that on that day I told Yuuki my sex techniques I was, and still am, inexperienced. To an adult like him, I must really seem like a child. Naturally, I imagine all of the experience he must have.

I'm going to make Yuuki let me hit him once for this!

"It was overflowing with chivalry. And since it's good for young people to practice, I believe what you did was a good thing. It would also... be good if Yuuki could become more like you."

Mr. Yajima's words reach my ears and my hand tenses into a fist.

"Are you... dissatisfied with the way Yuuki is?"

"No, it's not that I'm dissatisfied. Hmmm... it's just that he was born with a face and body that resemble my wife more than me. And when he was young he was sick all the time so my wife and her parents spoiled him. Yet, strangely, when he entered middle school he suddenly became self-conscious of the fact that he's a guy and made me his ideal of what he wanted to become. As a father who is never home, it felt like a condemnation. I've been hoping he could find another man to look up to but never expected it to happen so easily. Both my wife and I are grateful to you."

I wonder if Mr. Yajima is even in love with the wife he speaks of. All of his love seems concentrated on his son-- Although there's no doubt that he's the absolute authority in this family.

"Yuuki is an adorable son. I love him. It wouldn't bother me at all if he stays the way he is now. It's just-- if he says he wants to be manlier then I feel dissatisfied as well."

Mr. Yajima stops speaking.

I suppose it can't be helped. When you're different from the ideal that you love...

"Anyway, it should be about time for you to start wanting me, isn't it?"

"Huh?"

He asks me so suddenly that I don't understand what his words mean.

"I was in the middle of our conversation, right?"

Mr. Yajima's eyes narrow as he gazes at me with amusement.

"In that cellar, I said they were making some sort of drug that I didn't know what it was for, right? Why did they take me to such a place--? Those laborers had really taken a liking to me. They decided to entrust me with a drug that no one outside of their village knows the recipe for in order to show their appreciation of me."

"It couldn't be..."

"That's right. When you went to see Yuuki off I slipped it into your glass. It looks like you couldn't tell from the taste."

"Wh-what did you put in it...?"

I believe I turned pale.

"Don't worry, it isn't poison. From what I could tell it seems like it's something like a love potion. Although, to be honest I couldn't understand most of the words they used and I truly doubt something like that could actually exist. In fact, I'm pretty sure it's more like an aphrodisiac."

I think this time I turn red.

An aphrodisiac?! That's ridiculous! Why would he make me drink something like that?!

In my head, I gather my energy to stand up-- or, at least, that's what I was intending to do. But I can't get any strength in my legs. I can't lift my weight or find my balance and I end up falling to the carpet.

"Oh dear. Did you lose your footing? Hmph. So they created this drunk so that they would be able to do whatever they want... In other words, this drug makes it so that you can't move your body and can't resist, huh? That's rather dangerous. And I'm also committing a crime by using this."

I raise my head and see Mr. Yajima obviously enjoying himself. I swallow hard.

I don't understand. I don't get what he's talking about.

I'm feeling shock and fear and unease and disbelief. I'm feeling so many emotions at once that I say nothing and simply stare up at Mr. Yajima.

He reaches down and easily starts to pick me up.

I'm no match for Mr. Yajima, not with my decidedly smaller build. I weigh quite a bit and yet he's still able to pick me up and carry me with barely any effort--

"It's your first time, right? Since your first time is important, I'll make sure to do it carefully on the bed."

"Wh-what are you...?"

He opens the door to the guest bedroom with his foot and proceeds to lay me down on the bed. He turns off the light and then sits down next to the pillow.

"I suppose I should take your clothes off first."

As Mr. Yajima speaks he starts unbuttoning my shirt. I try to shake him off, only to realize that I can't freely use my arms either.

"You're completely unable to move, aren't you? Although, if you can't react either then it's going to be pretty boring..."

"Mr. Yajima..."

"Hm?"

"You, towards me...?"

"Yes. I have troublesome tastes. Rather than a woman's soft skin, I'd rather feel the hardness and tightness of a man."

While he speaks his hands don't stop as he continues to skillfully strip me of my clothes.

"But you're married and you even have a son, don't you?"

"It's not that I can't get it up with a woman. I can appreciate a woman's beauty. I just pretend that I'm having sex with a man. Although I admit that sometimes it doesn't work."

"How terrible... Then you mean that you just had Yuuki for your own convenience, because you wanted a son?"

"Yes."

He delivers that cold response as he finishes taking off my pants.

"So cruel. I feel bad for Yuuki and his mother."

"It's not like that. I do still love them, after all."

"That's not really love!"

I muster all of the strength I have, but I'm still unable to move more than a few centimeters.

"The world is vast. There are lots of types of love that you are unaware of. You never knew this type of love either, right?"

Mr. Yajima lowers his head and blocks any further protests from leaving my mouth.

He kisses me strongly, his tongue emerging from his mouth. He runs his tongue firmly over my upper lip and then lower lip and then traces lightly over my teeth. It tickles, causing me to relax my mouth and allowing him to immediately thrust his tongue inside. --It's hot. I can feel the roughness of his personality as he arrogantly dominates my mouth with his hot tongue. He controls my mouth as his tongue wraps around mine and he sucks on it. Some saliva escapes our mouths.

I had no idea a kiss could be this sensual--

The sensation is so intense that I feel drunk. I wonder when Mr. Yajima started kissing me.

Ah...!

Deep inside my body is a throbbing sensation. Mr. Yajima's hand is trailing across my chest. He takes his time rubbing my muscles before his fingers find my nipple.

I return to my senses and try to resist.

"Tch...!"

He lets out a groan and releases me.

I used the only freedom I have and bit the tongue that was playing with me.

"Oh, you're quite the energetic boy. Although, that just makes this crime worth it."

He looks like he's thoroughly enjoying himself as he narrows his eyes and licks the blood from around his lips.

"Well, I suppose it's time to teach your body to no longer want to resist me."

So, with his clothes still on, he climbs on top of me. Feeling the stiffness of his body against mine felt

bizarre and my body shrunk away.

Sensing that I had tensed up, he licks the nape of my neck and whispers into my ear.

"Just like I thought, you have beautiful muscles."

I hear him laugh breathlessly and the sensation of his hot breath washing over the area that he had just licked fills me with fear.

"Aah..."

Against my will, my voice leaks out.

His tongue trails across my skin with exquisite movements. He sucks on my earlobe before trailing down along the artery. Then he scrapes his teeth across my collarbone.

"Uh!"

Right now I wish my mouth wasn't free. If I can't move my body then it would also be good if I couldn't make any noises either--

Just then, he focuses his attention on my nipples. My sensitive nipples could even feel the bumps on his tongue. He rubs, strokes, sucks, and nips at them. He is spending so much time using both his fingers and his mouth to play with them that they start to hurt.

"Does it hurt? You can definitely feel it, right?"

His question makes it seem like he can read my mind.

"I ask since they're hard now."

"Aauh!"

My body arches as he rakes his fingernails lightly over my skin.

"It looks like you're feeling quite a bit of pleasure. You seem to have some weak control of your limbs, they haven't gone to sleep so that means that the sensations are still there. I'd love to have this drug analyzed by a scientist in civilized society."

Satisfied with my reaction, he moves away from my chest and settles on my legs.

He traces his way down my cringing outline and pokes into every cavity. As he begins to draw patterns on my skin with his thumb and index finger my length starts to swell. When it's half-up he presses his lips against it. Like a large dog licking its master, he suddenly starts licking the entire length and my body trembles.

I hate this, but-- Even though I'm thinking about how much I hate it, my body has betrayed me and is soaking in the pleasure.

Some of my pre-cum spills into Mr. Yajima's mouth. He drinks it up, and yet still more leaks out as he works his tongue over it. He stimulates the constricted part of my length with the fast movements of his fingers.

"Uh... Uuuh!"

I feel the pressure growing as he continues to toy with me, until finally the pleasure erupts from my body.

Mr. Yajima makes a noise deep in his throat as he swallows it all down before he lifts his head.

"You have a light taste."

Unconsciously, I turn my face away. I never imagined I would become the target of a man like this. To be used this way by a man, and my best friend's father no less... The embarrassment and humiliation keep me constantly thinking about how pathetic I am.

"Now then, how about we taste here too?"

Mr. Yajima returns his attention to my body. He spreads my ass cheeks apart and goes even further, using a finger to spread the skin around my asshole.

He's staring at me down there!

My body flushes as I press myself into the sheets.

"It has a pale color. Did you know that? It's the same color here as your nipples."

My entire body grows hot as if a fire has been lit inside of me. As he stares at me it feels like flames are coursing through my body.

"No... don't..."

I want to escape from his gaze and desperately try shaking him off. However, since he is still pushing

down on my hips the only thing I manage to shake are my shoulders. That's the end of my resistance.

"Ah...!"

Something soft and wet touched me directly. It carefully traces around the edge, before suddenly it feels like it gets narrower as it presses into the creases and then thrusts inside.

"No! ...Stop!"

Even though my mouth continues to refuse, my body doesn't hate it. My entire body writhes as I feel like I'm drowning in the sensations. I hear a perverted squishing sound, as if I'm entering a swamp, and move my feet to drown out the noise.

Something hard and narrow presses inside of me. As it moves I can tell it's a finger. It's helped by the wetness that was created as it thrusts in and out of my body, going deeper each time.

"Tch...!"

When a second finger is added I start to feel some pain.

"Fufu! I need to soften you up a bit more."

I hear Mr. Yajima's amused voice.

He arranges his fingers so that he can spread them left and right, and slides his tongue into the opening. His fingers follow, and he's able to thrust his tongue in deeper than before. As he wriggles his fingers and tongue I pant and unconsciously shake my hips. And with his palm rubbing against me even faster than before, I realize that I'm hard again.

I have completely lost control of the lower half of my body, I blank out as I shamefully release my seed a second time.

When I lift my head up again I'm breathing roughly and notice that my body's been rearranged so that I'm lying flat, and that Mr. Yajima is no longer wearing any clothes. In other words, he'd been using his fingers and mouth to insure he wouldn't get messy when I found my release the second time.

Just as I'd thought, he's really muscular. While I'm noticing how every exposed inch of him is incredibly masculine, he moves closer. And my gaze was directly in line with his ferocious rock-hard cock.

I start to panic.

"Mr. Yajima... please... let's stop."

I was begging pathetically.

"That's not going to happen."

"Yuuki... is coming back..."

Even though I was grasping at straws I still pleaded with him.

He wears his usual cynical half-smile as he bends over me.

"We still have time. And besides, I don't really mind if we're seen. Aren't you the one who doesn't want to be seen this way?"

Yeah, that's true. Yuuki hates having men target his body. Innocent Yuuki who developed a complex from such bullying. As the one who saved him from that, I don't want to add to the delusion he might have that this is love. I don't want to destroy his genuine radiance. I don't want to show him the unsightly scene of me being pushed down by his beloved father.

I have to just grit my teeth and bear it, and I turn my face away.

"Look and see your first man."

He grabs my chin and forces my head back. Even so, I look away.

"Do you wish to avoid looking at the man that you welcome with open legs, just like a woman? No, rather than a woman you look more like an infant, exposing your most intimate parts for a diaper change. I can do whatever I want with you."

My eyes grow wide. My body burns with embarrassment and I start to tremble with shame as I feel Mr. Yajima staring at me. But I still can't throw away my pride as a man.

"That's right. Remember this."

With overwhelming force, the proof of his manhood presses into me.

"No--...!"

The agony in my ass catches my attention, however since he had already wet and relaxed it the muscles open and the penetration is welcomed in.

My length swells again. I feel the pressure. I'm able to withstand this much, but—

Mr. Yajima lifts my hips, and it feels like he pushes all the way in to my intestines. I lost count of how many times he thrust in and out, the thrusting started to feel like it made a circle. There is no gap between the stimulation and pain, and in addition there is some sort of disgusting sensation that toys with me.

"Enough... please... pull out..."

"I won't. I'm going to continue until I fill you up with my seed."

He pulls on my hips with a jerking motion. The sensation of something foreign inside me increases.

"Ah! Ah..."

I moan.

I don't remember much after that. He pours into me countless times, and eventually the heaviness in my body disappears-- And my consciousness drifts away.

It's cool. I open my eyes to a pleurably cool sensation and see Yuuki's worried expression.

"Are you awake? Do you feel sick?"

I dimly look around at my surroundings. --I'm in the guest bedroom at the Yajima house.

"Father--! Kyou woke up!"

As Yuuki shouts out into the hallway, I fully wake up.

"But it's rare for you to get drunk, Kyou. By the time I came home last night you were already asleep. Do you remember?"

I see Mr. Yajima.

"You probably weren't feeling well. Are you all right now?"

He asks with an innocent expression on his face. Could yesterday have just been in my imagination? And yet, my body remembers. My ass is numb and it feels like something is still inside of it.

"I'm fine."

I push off the covers and get up from the bed.

However, as soon as I take one step I can't get any strength in my legs. Yuuki tries to support me, but I weigh ten kilos more than he does and he can't support my weight. I stagger again and Mr. Yajima extends his hand to me.

"I'll take you home."

He's close to me and our eyes meet.

"No thank you, I'm fine."

"But you can't get home on your own, right? And it's not like Yuuki can take you home."

"Whatever!"

Yuuki is sulking as he helps me stand upright again, and Mr. Yajima helps me make it the rest of the way out of the room.

Inside my own car, I have a question for him.

"Earlier, I was wearing pajamas while I slept. Were you the one who put me in them?"

"Yeah. I was worried you'd catch a cold if you slept naked in autumn."

How shameless. I respond sarcastically with all my might.

"How devoted of you. I never would have imagined that after doing something so bold you would diligently make sure I wore pajamas to bed."

"Really? I am a father, you know. When my son would take baths, I would be the one to change his clothes and diaper."

His retort causes me to remember the shamefulness of last night, and I bite my lip.

He allows an amused smile to curve his lips.

"If I hadn't done that, you would have told on me, right?"

He whispers into my ear and in an instant I get hot.

Earlier, when I stumbled, a gooey liquid leaked out from inside of me. There's still some of this man left in me--

"As expected, I wasn't able to bathe you last night since there wasn't enough time. So when we get to your apartment I'll help you wash until you're clean. And also..."

Mr. Yajima cuts off what he was going to say.

"Because you train your body you're really tight, but it would be better for you if you remember what your tightness means. That way you'll be able to please a man better."

"---..."

He torments my body and teases me with words. Just how low does he want me to sink?

After that, I crawl into my apartment's bathtub like an animal. He lifts my hips high and penetrates me again as he scrapes out what was left inside of me.

The next day, he uses a grotesque thing he picked up in China that was artistically designed in ivory and small bright stones to make me cry. That is the first time I bleed.

Three days later, he comes back to check on me. While checking on my healing, he re-opens my wound--so he applies some medicine to it and leaves.

Then, Mr. Yajima had to leave Japan for work.

And I return to my usual days, and pretend as if nothing had happened.

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During the time when the streets are all one color and full of jingle bells, Yuuki and I meet for a rare lunch together in the cafeteria.

"Kyou, you've been acting strange lately."

"Eh?!"

Yuuki's words were so sudden.

"That's what Eiko-chan said."



"Did Ikumi-chan tell you that?"

Our conversation is dull.

"Yeah. But I think so too. Lately I haven't been able to understand what you're thinking. Eiko-chan feels the same way... is it something you can't talk about?"

"....."

I thought I was acting in a way that they wouldn't find out. Although, I also haven't had sex with Eiko-chan since that incident. It's been two months, and yet even though I've been trying to live my life normally--

I keep dreaming of Mr. Yajima. The agony, the embarrassment, and the disgrace all cause me to writhe. And when I wake up... I realize that I came in my sleep.

"More importantly, have you done it with Ikumi-chan yet?"

I steer the conversation to a different subject.

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"We're waiting to do it on Christmas Eve."

Yuuki continues in a hushed voice.

"I indirectly suggested it. 'I want to spend Christmas Eve with you' is what I told her. It's romantic, don't you think?"

"Yeah."

"It's cute. After all, she is a girl. You were the one who told me that the world changes for a guy when he has sex, but I think it changes for the girl too. That's why I want to make it a beautiful memory for her too, you know? You-you get it, right?"

Yuuki nods to himself.

--Look and see your first man--

Mr. Yajima's voice echoes in my ears.

"Kyou?"

With Yuuki's doubtful question, it disappears.

"Ah... I'm sure Ikumi-chan will be happy to share Christmas Eve with a handsome guy like you."

"Being handsome has nothing to do with it. I'm more worried about whether I'll be good at it or not."

Since I was distracted, I thoughtlessly brought up Yuuki's appearance, but he acts as if he hadn't noticed and in his nervousness he doesn't comment on it.

"You'll be fine. You like Ikumi-chan, don't you? Just don't forget that and make sure to be gentle and it will definitely go well."

I focus on this ideal dream while trying vainly to recall how I prepared for my first time.

"Yeah, thanks. --Ah, I have to get going now."

Yuuki stands up while looking at his watch.

"What?"

"My grandfather's condition has gotten worse. My parents have spent the last three days in their hometown, Inaka."

"Is Mr. Yajima... coming back?"

"Yeah. Although he headed for Inaka as soon as he got back. Oh, but don't worry, my grandfather should be stable for the next couple of days at least. I just promised to head there today too."

"I see... take care."

"Okay. I'll see you later then!"

I'm glad Yuuki leaves quickly. Even to a stranger at a distance it's probably obvious that I'm shaking--

That night, as I am aimlessly flipping through a magazine my phone rings.

"Yes? This is Kiba."

"It's me. Do you remember me?"

When I hear Mr. Yajima's voice, my heart starts pounding in my chest like it's ringing an alarm.

"I'm heading to your place now. I'll be there in about thirty minutes."

It sounds like he's calling from his car.

"Please wait! This is so sudden... I just heard from Yuuki that his grandfather isn't doing well, so what do you want with me?"

I was intending to speak calmly with him, but to my shame my voice trembles.

"Yeah. I was with my wife, but there was a lull in the activity so I was able to get Yuuki to switch places with me."

"...And?"

"You know what I want with you, don't you?"

I picture his smiling face on the other side of the telephone.

"I refuse."

"I know it's only your mouth that refuses me. Anyway, I'm coming over."

"Even if you get here, I won't let you in."

"Then you come to me."

"Why would I want to do that?!"

This man is so arrogant. He's constantly full of self-confidence, and expects things to go the way he wants them to. If I push him away with my strength, he'll bind me with words. He'll torture me until I surrender.

Suddenly, there's a horrible noise over the phone and for a time there isn't any sound until finally his voice comes through.

"This is no good. I can't hear very well. We'll talk more when we meet. So choose. Are you coming to me, or am I coming to you?"

"...I'll go to you."

"Then I'll be waiting for you."

Even after the call cuts off, I stand immobile still holding the phone.

I could simply not go. That way, at least for today--

The way Mr. Yajima suddenly appeared today reminds me of that day. And he'll open up my body, seduce me, make me cry again.

--And while doing all that, he'll make me want it--

Along with his voice, the memory of him making me wet with blood as he thrusts the dildo inside of me appears in my head.

No. I don't want to fall that far. This time I'll clearly refuse him and then I'll be able to return to my normal life.

I leave my apartment.

"I refuse."

"Why?"

We're in the Yajima house's guest bedroom.

"I won't be threatened by you."

"Oh? You're saying such cold words. I may have overdone it for your first time, but if you don't want other people finding out about it you'll continue our relationship. However, that's just my desperate plan to keep you as mine. Anyway, you were moaning in my arms, weren't you? What do you have to complain about?"

"Please stop. You just want to have my body as your toy for your own amusement. I-- don't view sex as some sort of amusing game."

Until now, I've only ever slept with girls I liked.

"You say such stubborn things. Although I suppose that's one of your good points-- You know, you're exactly the type of strong-willed, energetic man that I like. The first time I met you, I thought that you were just as Yuuki told me you were; bright, with an overflowing sense of justice, a truly remarkable young man. I fell in love with you at first sight."

"That's just a figure of speech!"

"That's not true. I've always wanted a son like you."

Mr. Yajima moves behind me and pins my arms behind my back.

"When you say that, I feel sorry for Yuuki!"

I try to shake him off as I shout.

"Aah, you really are a good boy. I'm falling more and more in love with you."

Mr. Yajima's hand moves around to my front and gropes my crotch through my jeans. I shake my hips to escape with all of my strength, but he's glued to my body. I feel a hot lump pressing against my ass.

"I understand. You want me to put it inside of you."

I start to tremble. My body remembers--

"It's been two months. Don't worry, I'll take good care of you."

His hand moves to the zipper on my jeans and he grips it firmly.

"Don't!!!"

Even though I can't escape my body continues to struggle as I fight back, and I wonder if I'm going to get burned when suddenly he grips me even more strongly.

"Aauh!"

"If you hate it, feel free to refuse."

He nips at my ear as he whispers in a soft voice.

"If my hand can't make you come, I'll give up."

"Really?"

I turn my head to look at him.

"Yes, although it will be regretful."

He relaxes his grip on me and in the next moment I feel the weight of his lips on mine. His thick tongue slides into my mouth. Since I can't move, he nips and sucks on my tongue to draw it out.

He also starts to skillfully move his fingers. He gently and carefully massages me through my pants.

"Ah..."

My body temperature rises. A heat starts at my very core and spreads throughout my body. And then as it fills up my body it starts to seek out one point to gather--

"Aah..."

Every now and then my voice escapes my lips, and I'm embarrassed by how husky it's gotten.

I knew that Mr. Yajima is good at kissing. I also knew how good he is at masturbation. And yet I desperately try to resist. I don't want to fall. I'm a man. I don't want to be dominated by a man.

Yuuki-- you really hated this too, didn't you? Now I understand. But you're all right. While I'm falling into what I hate...

My body shudders, and my tension unravels. It gushes out, wetting my jeans and Mr. Yajima's hand and dripping down onto the carpet.

"You lose."

He releases me and I have no strength to stand and collapse.

"Next it's my turn."

I turn at his voice and see him sitting on the bed, smiling. In between his legs is his erect cock, with pre-cum dripping from the tip, waiting for me.

"...--!"

In my fear I swallow my voice and back away, biting my tongue.

"Are you still afraid of this? But you'll feel good once I put it in. Hmmm, I suppose it can't be helped since you had two months to forget."

His eyes sparkle as if he thinks he's playing a joke on a child.

"What would be the best method? It might be best if you put it in yourself."

His bright words were contrasted by his dark demand. He wants me to be the one to initiate anal sex.

Even though I understand it's an unreasonable demand, I can't refuse. Just like a frog caught in the gaze of a snake, I can choose to try and escape and be devoured, or I can surrender and be devoured slowly. It's already too late, even as I avert my eyes those are my only two choices.

I move closer to him on my knees and take his swollen length in my hand. The pre-cum at the tip helps as I use one hand to grip and start stroking it. I slowly move my hand up and down and the heat is tempting. I move my mouth closer, and he doesn't interfere with me as I touch my tongue to it, close my lips around it, and try to use my throat to stimulate him.

By the time my jaw had passed the point of being numb, his penis starts to throb and swell, frightening me-- but the final moment doesn't come.

"It seems like this isn't working."

Mr. Yajima pulls me up and while smiling triumphantly he suddenly strips me, yanking both my jeans and underwear off and grips my hips.

"Eh...?! Aauh...!"

A violent pain shoots up my spine.

He forces me to sit on top of him, but the wetness I provided isn't enough to help the penetration.

However, he holds my legs open so that this time it's my own body weight pushing me down, and his length relentlessly pushes inside.

"N...no... uwah...!"

"The shape of my length is familiar, isn't it?"

I shake my head, but he uses his hands to spread my front and he confirms my erection growing from the stimulation of being penetrated and he smiles. He's toying with me.

"No matter how much you hate it, your body remembers me. So obedient. I'll make you feel even more pleasure. Until you can't do anything but moan."

Mr. Yajima spreads my legs even wider and grips my thighs so that the tip of his cock is able to touch deep inside of me and I can't get any strength in my hips.

"Aauh!!!"

"Father? Are you in here?"

There is a shock as a splash of white occurs at the same time the door opens and Yuuki's face appears.

As the cum shoots vigorously upward, some of it flies up and lands at his feet--

With my legs spread apart I'm completely exposed and as expected I can't move.

"Why are you home?"

Mr. Yajima asks Yuuki, but he doesn't wait for a response.

"Would you like to join us?"

As if he is teasing me, he spreads my legs apart even further.

He is the only one moving.

# Dead End

by Sakura Momo



## Chapter 2 – Never-ending Dream

-Never-ending Dream-

"Would you like to join us, Yuuki?"

Father's words echo in my ears. While I hear the noise he makes, my head can't grasp what he means.

My eyes are fixed on Kyou's open thighs and I can't move. ...The proof of his manhood is erect. And I can also see that his body is devouring a man's, my father's, manhood as well.

The white semen that had flown at me is now staining the carpet, and a masculine scent wafts up to me.

*What are you guys doing...?*

Isn't it obvious?

I'm wrong. There's no way that could be. Why would father and Kyou be...?

*Then what is it that I'm seeing right in front of my eyes?!*

My thoughts can't settle. My wide eyes dry and begin to hurt. --It would be nice if I could blink. What is blinking...?

I feel like I'm hearing-- some sort of sliding noise.

Kyou's open thighs are lifted, and I'm able to see all of his large red and twitching length.

Kyou doesn't move at all, as if he's frozen, as father lays him down on the bed and then approaches me halfway.

"Come here."

He summons me with his usual confidence-filled voice.

"Yuuki?"

He calls out to me again since I haven't moved and slowly extends his hand to me. I feel a heavy weight land on my shoulder-- and I stand there still processing.

As I look up at my father's face I can see that he's wearing his usual smile, and yet--

I shake my head.

"Then, will you leave?"

I shake my head more rapidly.

"This is troublesome."

Combined with that wry smile, when my father's voice reaches me I feel like a child and can't do anything but shake my head.

"...Then, watch from there."

When he takes his hand away from my shoulder I shiver at the sudden cold. Despite the fact that the warmth had such an effect on me, I feel like I was suddenly through the pane of glass that separates me from the winter yard outside.

"Kyoutarou-kun."

Father sits back down on the bed and calls out to Kyou in a gentle voice.

"...Did Yuuki... leave...?"

"No, he's right there."

I can tell that Kyou's body is cowering. And then, he turns his face towards me with a look of absolute dread.

It lasts for a single moment. Our gazes meet for only a moment before he turns his face away again, as if he's trying to run away from me even a little bit while staying on the bed. For the moment our eyes met, I see that his face is more pale and sorrowful than any other time I've seen him.

"...Please... hurry and... leave."

"But it seems that Yuuki wants to watch you."

Kyou's plea sounds as if he had to force it out, and father easily answers him. With those words Kyou's body cowers again, and when I look it seems as if father's enjoying himself.

Father unties the cord around the robe he's wearing, and then takes Kyou's trembling arms and ties them together with it.

"Mr. Yajima...! What are you?!"

"We need to provide our audience some service. We need to make it easier to watch you."

"What!!! P-please don't joke! Anyway, Yuuki is..."

"See? If I don't do this you'll just run away."

Father easily stops Kyou's resistance and takes the rope tying both of Kyou's hands and ties it to the bar on the headboard at the top of the bed.

Kyou's so strong, and yet he's easily overcome by my father's strength like this. I feel like I'm seeing something totally strange and can only stare straight ahead at the scene in front of me.

"Yuuki, come closer."

As I'm called again I leave the door for the first time to obey those words.

I stand at the end of the bed. Kyou twists his body with his hands still caught above his head, the only thing he lets me see is the line of his body running from his shoulders to his hips.

"Do you want to see Kyoutarou-kun?"

I hear father whisper.

"Kyoutarou-kun?"

Despite father's voice and the hand on his shoulder, Kyou doesn't respond.

"It can't be helped."

Father smiles thinly over his shoulder.

"Kyoutarou-kun has a very pretty body, doesn't he?"

Father strokes his fingers over Kyou's fingers and Kyou's body arches like a fish on a hook.

"Excellent musculature."

Kyou's light brown skin makes it easy for me to make out the movements of his skeleton beneath it.

"And most importantly, these hips. They're hard and so tight. Just like his ass. It takes me in deeply and refuses to let me go."

Father quickly trails his fingers down Kyou's back and to the curve of his ass, and opens him up there. Kyou quickly shakes his hips in an effort to escape, but even so I'm still able to perfectly see his red and twitching hole.

"...Enough... please... cut it out already..."

His voice is feeble and shaking. It's the first time I've heard Kyou's voice... like this.

I want to hear more of it. I unexpectedly think about how I'd like to see more of his crying expression.

"You can't hold back anymore?"

As father leans over him, I can see that his exposed body is twice as muscular as Kyou's is. Father whispers gently into Kyou's ear before thrusting his tongue into it.

As father's tongue moves, Kyou's body shivers. He can't escape so he repeats his resistance.

"You're wrong! No...! Ah...!"

His leaked voice sounds as if he's being squeezed to death yet in the next moment is excited. And with father's skilled guidance his body opens up.

"Good grief, they're very long, aren't they?"

Just as father says, Kyou's nipples are long and hard as father slides his tongue around them.

"Uh...!"

The flush on Kyou's cheeks deepens, and the teeth biting into his lip look painful. As father rolls his tongue over his nipples it seems like Kyou's voice will spill out and he bites down even harder... until blood spills out.

"It's really all right for you to cry out... Yuuki, come help me."

What should I do...? While still trying to figure it out, I unconsciously reach out my hand and touch Kyou's lips. They're so hot they feel feverish.

"...Don't touch me."

Kyou recognizes me, and spits out the words. They are stronger words than I expected, and my chest suddenly becomes hot as if it's burning.

I pull Kyou's chin back and slide two fingers into his mouth. As I timidly slide them in, Kyou moves his tongue around as if he hates the invasion and is trying to push them out. Meanwhile, I'm getting hotter and hotter.

"Tch!!!"

I feel a sharp pain in my fingers. Even at a time like this, Kyou's trying to hold back by biting.

He is turning his unreasonable anger on me, so I catch his chin and meet his lips with mine. Our hot breath mixes. He tries to avoid my tongue as I seek to tangle mine with his, and father continues his stimulation causing Kyou to forget to breathe. The movements of his tongue slow down, and it becomes mine.

I never imagined Kyou's tongue would be this soft and sweet--

I keep our mouths together as I greedily indulge in the sensation, and I can feel Kyou's throat vibrate. If I release him and look down, I would see father's head moving between Kyou's legs. And if I looked at what father's tongue is doing, I'd see it wrapped around Kyou's hard and swollen length.

And also-- if I look above my head I would see that rather than the restraining cord biting into Kyou's wrists, there would be slack as Kyou's arms bend backward as he reaches his limit.

Father strokes the length to squeeze out every last drop before lifting his head. He holds some of it in his mouth, and I can see a drop glistening at the corner of his mouth.

"Do you want to taste it too?"

I'm drawn in by father's captivating voice--

I feel the weight of a tongue hotter than Kyou's as it thrusts deep into my mouth. Father's stiff mustache touches me, and my skin breaks out into goosebumps.

"How is it?"

I carefully drink down the thick liquid on his tongue.

"It has a weak taste..."

"--Good boy."

Father gazes happily down at me and pats my head.



"Now then, I'll have Kyoutarou-kun show you everything."

Father gets onto the bed again, and Kyou tries too late to hide his naked body by rolling onto his left side.

Being on his side, father's fingers are able to easily slide down the length of his body, and Kyou shuts his eyes.

"That's... please, Mr. Yajima, anything but that... Please, not in front of Yuuki."

Kyou twists his body and it seems to my eyes that father is clinging to him with the pads of his fingers.

Father wears a cynical smile.

"Why not?"

"Why not...?"

While Kyou struggles with not being able to answer, a hand sneaks between his thighs. The hand grips the back of his knee and lifts it up. Kyou tries to resist with his other leg, but father is able to use his own leg to block him.

Kyou's thighs open and his soft length, the result of having already found his release, is fully exposed. I can confirm that his bud truly is red and that it's twitching a little.

"No, don't! Stop!"

Kyou becomes slightly freer and moves his hips as his voice raises.

"Oh, I see you're as energetic as always. But if you keep moving your hips like that, I might just slide in."

Kyou's resistance stops with father's teasing voice. I can't see from where I am, but I wonder if there's something thick and hard pressing against his ass.

"Yuuki? Come here and see Kyoutarou-kun's bud open up."

He lifts Kyou's legs up even higher, and I can see small spasms as he stretches him. Then I see that small opening devour father's hard manhood.

"Aaah!"

Kyou's breathing stops.

"Breathe. If you keep holding your breath it will only be harder for you."

As father whispers in Kyou's ear, Kyou shakes his head.

"Yuuki... Please make Yuuki leave!"

Despite the desperation of Kyou's plea, father treats it as non-important.

"I can't do that. After all, once I've finished with you it will be Yuuki's turn."

"Eh?!!"

I'm not sure if the one who cried out is me, or Kyou--

I awake with a cry. My body is damp with sweat.

"Again..."

I push aside my futon, and cup the problem standing between my thighs.

Father and Kyou... It's been nearly a month since I saw the two of them together like that. And since then I've constantly been having these types of dreams.

--I had gone back to my house to get something I'd forgotten, and went looking for father who should have gotten home before me.

The last door I opened was the door to the guest bedroom, and it was like I entered a different dimension. I chased after my yearnings, and ended up catching up with my father. And what he was doing to my closest and most trusted friend Kyou was--

When I finally came to my senses I ran away.

And yet I'm still dreaming about it...

Or is it because of that, I'm dreaming about it--?

The things I wasn't able to do.

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The days flow by. While I'm captured by that one thing and feel like I'm wandering a maze that has no exit, Christmas and New Year's Day pass by.

After that-- we received confirmation that my grandfather's condition had recovered and father went back to work. He left with a smile as if nothing had happened.

I haven't met with Kyou since then. Our classes have become even more different, so without planning ahead of time there's no way we would meet on campus, and club has been on break the whole time. Even if we see each other from afar, he never comes up to me.

My plans for Christmas Eve with Ikumi passed by, but I canceled them with a lie that I'd caught a cold. And just like that, the year ended. No matter how many times she calls me, I apologize evasively. Right now I don't have the ability to think about Ikumi.

So, of course, I hadn't planned on meeting with Eiko either. But since Eiko is Kyou's girlfriend and Ikumi's friend I agreed.

That's why today I've been forced to meet with her.

"Hello, Yuuki-kun. I'm sorry for dragging you out here."

"Hey."

It is the afternoon on their day off. They are at a bright tea house filled couples. And we're probably viewed the same way by the people surrounding us too.

Eiko is seated across from me, and is staring hard at me.

"What?"

"I heard that you caught a cold and have been in bad shape this whole time, but... are you sure you're all right? You look like you've lost weight."

"Really?"

I touch my own face to feel. Saying that I'd caught a cold was a lie, but it's true that I haven't had

much of an appetite lately.

"You always had a pretty face, but with this sort of gloomy air hanging around you, you look even more lovely."

I return a dry smile to the flirting girl. At that moment my complex, which I had thought I'd finally gotten rid of, starts to come back a bit. I hate my body. I'm weak and extremely pale, but girls seem to like that. ...That's right, and guys especially seem to.

"Do you mind?"

Eiko is holding a box of cigarettes in her long, pretty, well-manicured fingers.

"Yeah. ...I didn't know you smoked, Eiko-chan."

"Fufu. I quit because Kyoutarou didn't like it, but since we've broken up I figure it's fine."

"Eh?! You broke up?!"

I wonder what happened. I thought they suited each other really well...

That reminds me... Ikumi had told me that Kyoutarou was acting strange. That was just a little bit before I discovered what was happening between Kyou and my father.

"Well, does that mean you haven't met up with Kyoutarou either?"

This time, it's Eiko who looks surprised.

"You know, lately Ikumi's been crying to me about how you haven't been willing to meet up with her. I thought that maybe it was because of Kyoutarou."

"Eh?! Why would it be?"

In reality, part of my unwillingness to meet with Ikumi is because of Kyou. But there's no way she could know that. So where were these hostile words coming from?

"Fufu! I'm sorry."

Eiko smiles in amusement at me as she gets rid of the ashes with a single flick of her finger.

"It was around autumn when Kyoutarou started acting weird. So, when I heard that two months later you had started acting weird as well... I thought that maybe it was possible that the two of you had gotten together."

"Eeeh?!"

Today is just full of surprises.

"Because, you see, you seem like the type that would be popular with guys, Yuuki-kun. And the two of you get along really well. So all of the girls have been gossiping that you guys have that sort of relationship."

"Is that a joke?"

The ones who have that sort of relationship are Kyou and my father.

"Yeah, I'm sorry. It's just a joke. It's just that the timing of the two of you acting strange seemed to fit too perfectly. That's why I thought that maybe that might be the case... so that's why I wanted to meet with you to confirm the truth."

The sharpness, and yet being slightly off... I really don't understand the way girls think.

She hasn't even smoked half of her cigarette yet, but Eiko puts it out and looks at me with a serious expression.

"But Ikumi... she's feeling depressed so she's thinking the worst things possible, and is feeling jealous of you two..."

Jealous...? Of me and Kyou...?

"In that case, Yuuki-kun, I want you to explain things clearly to Ikumi. You don't need to explain every single detail of your relationship, but you did make Ikumi cry. Um~ and there's still the matter of your Christmas Eve plans hanging in the air, right?"

As expected, it's hard to talk about that last part. Our Christmas Eve plans-- we were supposed to experience a very girly first time.

"...Why did the two of you break up? Although, maybe I shouldn't ask."

Eiko and Kyou already had a physical relationship and had been full-fledged lovers.

"U~m, how should I say it...? I realized it when we had sex. That Kyoutarou didn't love me anymore."

"I'm... sorry."

"It's all right. You already knew, Yuuki-kun, that we weren't together in a pure way, right? He just started acting more and more awkward... And after that something changed about the way he held me... Kyoutarou's such a serious person that it shows up right away in his behavior. That's why."

The reason Kyou changed-- was probably because of father.

My thinking leads me to that point. It seems that their relationship had started some time before what I unfortunately witnessed... Kyou had told me before that he only sleeps with the person he likes, so there's no way he could handle being with both father and Eiko at the same time.

Does that mean that Kyou's in love with my father...?

"Yuuki-kun? This isn't really something I should say as a girl, but if you like Ikumi would you renew your Christmas Eve promise with her? I think she's waiting for that too. And if you don't like her, then would you break up with her?"

Eiko shows me her white teeth as she smiles sweetly at me.

"I've always thought... that both guys and girls can be the ones to want to sleep with someone."

"Yeah. I'm sorry for making you say so much."

I find myself smiling in response to Eiko's bright expression.

"Fufu! Well, I was free anyway. ...Now then, I suppose it's time for me to find my own partner, rather than worry about other people's relationships."

With that, she gives a flashy wink as she sets down her money.

Pretty and bright Eiko. She may have just felt like meddling a bit, but I wonder if she's so sweet to Ikumi because that's how girlfriends are.

When she was by Kyou's side I thought she was the perfect partner for him.

But now, Kyou is--

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"I hate this room."

Kyou stops in front of the door to the guest bedroom.

After that-- it took nearly two months before I finally called Kyou. For that long we'd been avoiding each other and so of course when I finally called him out he was confused. And yet, he still came to my house and only now shows refusal when I invite him into this room.

"Why?"

Kyou simply turns his face away and doesn't answer. And I realize that I've done something incredibly cruel.

"I want to talk here. I want to talk about what you and father did in this room."

And yet, he still doesn't say anything, so I grab Kyou's arm and pull him into the room. The guest bedroom is a small eight tatami room. It's set up like a hotel single room with just the bed, a dresser, and a single chair.

Since there's only one chair I let Kyou have it and sit down on the bed since I know that Kyou absolutely won't sit on it.

"I met with Eiko-chan a while ago. The two of you broke up, right?"

Kyou doesn't answer. And he doesn't sit down.

"Was it my father's fault?"

"...No..."

He answers in a pained, husky voice.

"I broke up with Ikumi. Because of you and father."

"--!"

Finally, I manage to get Kyou to look at me.

"You know, I keep having dreams ever since that day. About you being held by father in this bed. About your sperm flying through the air. Was it that good? About your ass being spread wide, and clamping down on my father... I'm surprised it didn't tear your ass. It was so big..."

"Stop it!!!"

"Why?! It's all true, right? I saw it myself!"

"...I'm sorry."

Kyou loses his strength and falls into the chair.

"I'm sure you already know this, but I've always wanted to be like my father. He's strong, firm, bold, and yet also kind. That's why I want to become more like my father and less like my current, weak self. And also, Kyou, I want to become more like you."

Kyou shakes his head.

"You saved me when I was attacked by that horrible man. You're brave, straight-forward, and always confident. I never imagined that you would do that with a man, but... are you in love with my father, Kyou?"

Kyou shakes his head while murmuring an apology.

"Then why?!"

"--I can't say..."

"Honestly. You're such a good boy, Kyoutarou-kun."

The door opens and father enters the room. Kyou looks at him in disbelief.

"Mr. Yajima?! Why are you here?"

"He returned home yesterday."

Kyou looks back and forth between my father and me as I answer.

"You can't say it because you're afraid of hurting Yuuki's feelings. With the fact that I raped you and then forced you into a relationship."

And then, father adds with a cruel smile that I have never seen him wear before.

"Well, I suppose there was the issue of a man's pride as well."

"...Yuuki--..."

Kyou also makes a completely hopeless expression which I have never seen him wear before.

Kyou was raped by a man. I thought that something like that would never happen to Kyou, unlike me. And to think, the culprit was his friend's father.

Father said he did it 'forcefully'. Looking at Kyou the way he is now, I know that isn't a lie, and yet... At that time, before Kyou saw me and froze, he hadn't looked like he hated it.

"You know, Eiko-chan told me that there are times when a guy or a girl wants to try having

sex. And that it's the same whether you're a guy or a girl."

I suddenly remember Eiko-chan's long fingers.

"Back then, I received a big shock from seeing you and father together like that and I ran away. After that... I really regretted it and wondered why I couldn't bring myself to join you. At that time, it wasn't disgust I was feeling but jealousy."

"You... what are you thinking...?"

Kyou's face steadily grows paler.

"I realized it thanks to the dreams I keep having. I want to hold you, Kyou. And I want to be held by my father... Who was it that I was jealous of? Who was it I wanted to sleep with then?"

"Don't say something so stupid! You're father and son. That sort of thing is--"

"Then will you do it, Kyou? Will you sleep with me?"

"And that ends the negotiations, doesn't it?"

When father speaks-- Kyou doesn't say a single word to object.

Just like in my dream, Kyou's back is curved like the trunk of a young tree. When I thrust in he bends like a leaping animal, being on all fours.

"Uh...! Uh..."

I'm not able to hold out for very long. Kyou's tight body is even hotter than I anticipated. He's stretched to his limit, making it feel like he's scraping me as I thrust in and out.

I'm seduced by the waves of lust coursing through me and quickly find my release, and Kyou who is positioned on his hands and knees, collapses to the bed. My hands can only touch his hips.

"That won't be enough to satisfy Kyoutarou-kun."

Father, who had been smoking a cigar, approaches the bed.

"Come on. He's still clamping down on you here, right?"

I'd already gone soft while still inside Kyou when father thrusts his finger inside of him as well. Kyou's ass twitches shamelessly in response.

"The twitching is telling you that he wants more."

I wonder if Kyou is biting his lips at father's perverted words. His ass definitely tightened up around me.

"Do it just like that."

I don't know whether father is talking to Kyou or me, but it doesn't matter. Then, father runs his tongue over the point where we're joined together.

"Hii!"

Unlike me, who is following father's movements with my eyes, Kyou who is lying prostate on the bed seems surprised by the sudden stimulation. And he seems to get more sensitive the more his body is spread.

"Mr. Yajima! ...Please stop!"

Kyou props his upper body up with his elbows. Father ignores him, and continues what he was doing.

Father's tongue continues sliding around, and ends up traveling up my length. The rough sensation and intense heat of the movements, combined with the feeling of Kyou's ass tightening around me, causes my body to pulse.

"Yuuki, do you want me to lick your ass too?"

I see father lick his lips suggestively.

"Mr. Yajima!!! Yuuki is your son! Please stop this! That's the reason... that's the reason I'm

letting him take me, isn't it?!"

Even though Kyou's lower body is restrained, he still tries to move as far away from father and me as he can.

"I don't believe I made that negotiation with you, though. ...So, what will you do?"

Father looks at me, raises his eyebrows, and smiles.

"I... want father too."



"Good boy."

Father wipes the sweat from my forehead and combs his fingers through my hair. My father's large, gentle hand--

When I was a child I was lonely because I hardly ever saw my father. But when he did come home he would definitely hold me with his large hands and hug me tightly. I was so happy, and whenever he held me against his hard, warm chest a strange feeling would come over me and all of my loneliness would disappear.

My father smells of the ocean and greenery and all sorts of things I don't know about. Father is filled with all of the things I long for but haven't yet seen.

"Father..."

I stretch my arms out through the space between us, and naturally Kyou separates himself from me. He stares at us, father and son, from the edge of the bed.

"You guys are... insane."

I can see flames of anger in Kyou's eyes.

"Kyoutarou-kun, you really are a straight-laced child. But I believe I told you that on this planet there are many forms of love. Just like I love you, I'll teach how I love my son as well."

Father moves closer to Kyou. It looks like Kyou is plotting ways to try to avoid him and escape but the reaction time of his overwhelmed body has slowed down and when father's fist connects with his stomach, Kyou loses consciousness.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to place him in a seat where he'll have a better view."

Father picks Kyou up with ease and sits him on the chair he had been sitting in earlier on his own. And in order to keep him from running off, although I have to wonder if that's his only purpose, father ties his hands and legs to the chair.

It's not just a theory. This feeling is my body happily accepting father.

Father's large hands, as if they are one living creature, creep along my body.

Father's lips, his tongue, teeth, and even his overflowing saliva are being used as weapons to get me excited.

"Ah... nnuh..."

Father is gradually lifting my thighs, and he isn't allowing me to suppress my voice.

"Your body is clinging to me."

His hands slide my legs to the side and I shiver as I'm startled.

"My beloved marks look like cherry blossoms."

He sucks hard on a soft portion of my thigh and I let out a single gasp.

I partially open my eyes, and when I look past my abandoned arms at the sides of my body I see that the trail of marks that father has already left scattered about have turned a pink color.

"Your white skin is incredibly sexy, Yuuki. It's pleased many men, hasn't it?"

"...What about you, father?"

After all, my skin is so different from father's.

I feel father's breath against my thigh as he chuckles, and my pulse quickens.

"I love it. It's the same skin that Fuyuko has."

When father brings up mother's name, I feel my body shrink away from him a bit.

"But you're a man, so there's more to it than just that. Underneath this white skin are straining muscles. That makes me even happier."

And then, father suddenly grabs that part of me.

"And right here this is hot, hard, and straining, and more wonderful than anything for a man."

In an instant I swell and get harder as father pushes his finger into me. He gives me a small smile.

"That's right. Good boy."

He rubs me strongly in preparation while adding another finger. The direct stimulation, combined with the sweet words, causes all of the tension in my body to disappear.

I'm so happy that father appreciates this body, even though it can't become anything like him.

"You're starting to smell like a man."

The tip of his finger nudges something deep inside of me, and pre-cum starts overflowing from the male part of me.

"Does it feel good?"

I can't answer, so I nod instead.

"What about this?"

Something strange starts to push into me back there. As it starts twisting around, I realize that it's father's thumb.

"...I don't know..."

It feels strange.

As father adds another finger, the conversation repeats inside of my head. Once it's up to three fingers, the penetration becomes unexpectedly difficult and there is a sharp pain.

I make a grimace, but say nothing.

"It's all right. I can still fit more in."

Father's voice is gentle, and it calms me to think that he really cherishes me.

Even though I thought that my own body had become hot, father's mouth is much hotter. He uses his tongue to play with me, and my body starts stinging as though I've been burned.

It resonates with the stimulation from before, and father slowly spreads his three fingers inside of me and repeats the motion of thrusting them in and out of me. Every now and then his lips descend on my length and tighten and leaves more moisture behind.

The movement of his fingers becomes smooth, and a different sensation is born inside of me. I feel uneasy and impatient. I'm not sure if this feeling is pleasant or uncomfortable... My consciousness can't decide. But another part of me screams out that this is pleasure.

The wave comes.

"Just a little more. Bear with it."

Father's words and fingers are able to hold the wave in check.

Father lifts his head, and I can see his smile is filled with self-confidence.

"Would you like to come together with me?"

As I try to gather up my scattered thoughts, father kisses me repeatedly. I quietly slide my tongue against the lips touching mine. His hard mustache reminds me of my lower half, and I become increasingly hard making it more difficult to bear.

He lifts one of my legs to open me up, and I feel a cold breeze against my entrance. However, that is quickly replaced by body heat as an overwhelming pressure pushes inside of me.

"--...!"

Without thinking, the pain causes me to swallow my breath. It even runs all the way up my spine to my brain.

"Breathe out."

Father grabs my jaw and forces my mouth open. And with his fingers still gripping me, I'm urged to breathe.

I breathe in, and the pain of the penetration starts to diffuse.

"Touch it for yourself. I'm inside of you."

I timidly touch my hole and can't believe how large it's being stretched as it swallows father up. I'm connected to father!

The feeling of confirming this with my own touch is probably causing my eyes to sparkle as I gaze up at father, and he smiles with satisfaction.

"Relax your body... accept me."

Father starts moving slowly. As father withdraws his hips, my body clings to him as if it doesn't like letting him go. And when he thrusts back in, my entrance contracts as though rejecting him. I'm losing my senses with the contradiction and I feel pain well up inside of me again.

"It's all right, just like that. It feels really good... You'll slowly start feeling good soon too."

As I'm wondering if father can tell that I'm shaking, he pets my hair and kisses me on the forehead.

Slowly, my body starts feeling lighter.

After this, I entrust everything to father and focus on my own pleasure.

Slowly, little by little, my body is tormented by pleasure and I begin to reach my peak. And, as if trying to get father to match me, my insides cling to him as his pace intensifies.

"Yuuki, can you wake up?"

"...Yeah."

Being completely drained, the only thing I can do is respond.

"Kyoutarou-kun..."

That's right. While father was playing with me, I hadn't had the composure to think properly.

I sit up and look at him, and it looks like he's regained consciousness. And although his body has become relaxed, his face still shows resistance.

"It seems like he's aroused."

I look back at Kyou, and I can see that in-between his legs he's hard and wet.

"It would be sad to leave him like that, right? Do something for him."

"Something...?"

"If you ride him, I'm sure he'll come soon."

Father looks like he's enjoying himself as he narrows his eyes.

Kyou is still bound with his hands tied behind his back and his legs tied to the chair legs, spread open.

Both Kyou and I realize what father means at the same time and we stare at each other-- After that, I'm the only one who nods in agreement.

I get off the bed, and Kyou lets out a flustered voice.

"Yuuki...! Don't do something stupid!"

"Something stupid? You might think there's something wrong with me sleeping with my father, but with you it's all right isn't it?"

I say sarcastically as I loosen my ass.

"Yuuki!!!"

No matter how much he struggles, with his body restrained all he can do is use his voice to resist

with all of his might.

"No. What are you saying when you're already like this?"

I straddle him, and grab the length that's standing tall. I can tell that he's already plenty hard.

"Stop it!"

I don't concern myself with Kyou's resistance, and use one of my hands to guide him inside of my ass, and this causes what was left over from father to dribble out. I turn my head and see father staring at us intently.

I give him a small smile and lower my hips.

Suddenly, I feel Kyou thrust up from below and feel a tight pressure in my ass, and even though I'd been opened up just a little while ago I can feel my hole tearing. The blood causes me to become even more wet which makes it easier to take all of Kyou inside me.

It goes in all the way to the base, and I take a deep breath. I can feel Kyou's pulse with my inner walls.

I can see my beloved Kyou is biting on his lip to the point it has changed color, and I feel the need to own him well up inside of me.

I take hold of his chin and meet his lips with mine, and they're just as sweet as they were in my dreams. I feel like I can get drunk on them.

Finally-- Kyou accepts my tongue and sucks on it in return.

"Aah..."

Kyou is crying as he rides father's shaft.

"Yuuki, you put it in too."

Father pushes up his hips, and while still buried deep inside of Kyou he spreads his ass cheeks

apart.

I move closer, excited by the sight of blood that is congealed around his entrance.

I straddle father's thighs and move up against Kyou's backside. His hole is already spread wide and is twitching as it is spread left and right as he lies on top of father. His pulse is going so fast that I can't tell if it's Kyou's pulse, father's, or mine.

"No... way. It's impossi...ble..."

Kyou's strained voice emerges as I start to push in.

Father pulls out until only the tip of his length is still inside, and Kyou lets out an animal-like noise.

His ass is opened to its absolute limit, and it tears. Red blood flows out freely, giving me the ability to follow father in.

--Earlier, Kyou told me that I'm insane. I wonder if I really am insane?

Even after having sex with Kyou, I still don't have an answer. Even after having sex with father, and all three of us having sex like this, I still have no answer.

I wonder if, from the beginning, there never was an answer.

All I know is, I want both father and Kyou--!

